



and I had left. I saw and learned from the gondolier. He is who the singer, whom you see, with folded arms, wearing the green velvet blouse of the Venetian gondolier, and wearing a scarlet cap set with diamonds over his broad brow.

He saw me, and laughing, made me a bow with his hand. I threw a veil over my face, ran down the stairs, and placing my hand on his, we entered the little cabin. A portion of the car passed us before the gondolier, and we glided into the Grand Canal.

We approached the bridge of the Grand Canal. I pushed aside the curtains, and my eyes to its regular arch. My countenance observed the direction of my glance.

"Are you looking for Syllock among the many groups of promenaders?"

"Yes," I replied. "Do you see that tall addition, with the long, white beard? That is the Venetian Neptune, with his long, flowing sleeves, fully representing the 'Jewel of Navigation.' And there is Antonio coming to meet him—that grave-looking man, with crossed arms and bowed head."

"And yonder is Bembo, hastening to meet his friend, and meditating meanwhile his amours with fair Portia."

I looked in the direction indicated, and saw a like, graceful form following the left bank of the canal. Something in the airy motion, and peculiar color of the breast-brown curly hair, was familiar to me. At this instant a gondola shot past us, its gay occupant filling the air with laughter and sounds of song. It neared the left bank rapidly. A small, white hand was extended from the curtains, gesticulating prettily, while long, blonde ringlets waved in unison.

The young man whom I had been watching ran down the steps; the wind lifted his hat from his head, and, laughing, he tried to catch it before it should fall into the canal.

Our gondola was now parallel with the other, and I heard him say in English:

"It is gone for good! Lead me, young Lucy."

The speaker was Reginald.

Something seemed to clang in the air, and the glittering domes and spires to sink below the level of the canal, while the gondola rocked as if in a stormy sea. Then I found I was lying on the cushions of the cabin, my head and hair dripping with the water with which Guidarini was dousing me.

"You fainted very suddenly. What was the cause of it?" he asked with a piercing glance.

"A sudden vertigo—something like seasickness, I think," I answered languidly, sitting up, and wringing the wet from my hair. As I did so, I glanced furiously through the curtains. The English gondola had disappeared.

Our gondolier paled his car rapidly, but in silence. Guidarini, leaning back against the cushions, fixed his eyes upon the heavens, while I let my hand trail idly through the water, my cheeks burning at the recollection of my momentary weakness.

Then Guidarini spoke:

"Rita, that man was not unknown to you."

I felt my face blanch so suddenly that I involuntarily drew my veil over it. I contracted a shudder.

"It is growing cold. I think the sun must be setting."

"No, Rita, it is not growing cold—and the sun is yet high above St. Marks. You have not answered my question."

"Did you ask me a question?"

"I speak of Bembo."

"Bembo—I do not recollect."

Guidarini snatched the veil from my head, and flung it into the canal; then seizing my hands, drew me towards him, and held me firmly, saying:

"Now, Margaret, with uncovered face, tell me—"

Looking him straight in the eyes, I began to sing a rollicking drinking song, which Reginald had once taught me. Such an one the Bacchans might have sung in the musing grace and abandon of their wild dance around the jovial wine-god, while the purple grapes clustered their amethyste loosely in the bright locks of the dancers, and round white shoulders and gleaming arms shone through the mist of their fluttering draperies.

While I was singing a gondola had approached us, and glided along by the side of ours. Guidarini, who still held my hands, turned, and looked over my shoulder. I turned, and saw the pale face of Reginald almost close to mine. As I turned, he made a nervous movement, the gondola swerved to one side, and Reginald, overbalancing himself, was thrown into the canal. I saw the water close over his head, a voice cried for help, "Help! he cannot swim!"—and Guidarini prepared to plunge after him.

I held him by the wrists with all the force of which I was capable. A dozen had seized into my soul, and since Reginald was lost to me forever, I desired that he should die.

His hand now reappeared above the surface of the waves. He extended his hands to me.

Guidarini released his wrists, and I clasped my arms about his neck. Reginald sank again.

That night I did not leave the studio, but

A terrible sound came from the other gondola.

"My God! Margaret, are you mad? Do you notice that he is dying?"

Again that ghostly hand arose, the water bubbling around the white lips, the eyes closed, the long, wavy hair floating upon the waves.

Guidarini now broke from my grasp, one hand carried him to Reginald, who was sinking for the third time. Supporting him with one arm, he swam to the side of the other gondola, into which he lifted Reginald with the aid of the gondolier; and springing in himself, said a few words to the frightened occupant, then motioning to the gondolier, the gondola darted away from us, and disappeared in one of the numerous outlets which branch off from the Grand Canal.

I returned alone.

The sun was setting as I entered Guidarini's studio, and a broad bar of light lay across an unfinished picture which stood upon the easel.

A dense and shadowy back-ground of forest trees; in the foreground, a deep and swollen stream, over which hung a giant oak, draped with mistletoe and dipping its branches in the stirrings of the water.

Seemingly upheld by the loosened masses of his golden hair, a beautiful head rose just above the surface of the brook, the blue eyes opened wide, and staring upward, the lips parted and retracted, the white and slender fingers of one hand clutching at the water, while the other grasped a coronal of flowers which hung from the oak above.

I uttered an exclamation—dismiss the femininity, and the face was that of Reginald, as I had seen it when he was about to sink.

I heard a step behind me. Guidarini had returned.

I turned to meet him.

"Oh! Rafael," I said, "you are in truth an artist. You do not dash—you paint. This picture is wonderful—the hue, the expression, the purple death-shadows. Did you imagine them? Have you ever seen any one drown?"

He did not reply, but stood looking at me with a severity of expression which strongly reminded me of an "Adonis anguished," which I had once seen in a Gallery of Art. Presently he said in a fretting tone:

"Have you no question to ask me?"

"I have this moment asked you one; when you have replied to that I may possibly think of another."

"I will then reply to a question which you should have asked me directly upon my return. Your victim is not dead."

"My victim!"

"Was it not then a desire to prevent his rescue, but fear for my safety, that actuated you in my detention?"

He spoke eagerly, his voice and manner softening instantly.

For a moment I hesitated; then said boldly:

"I wished him to die."

He withdrew from me a step.

"You are then an assassin."

The word came like a blow. I started, and made a step forward.

"What! you would assassinate me also for speaking the truth?"

"Rafael, you insult me!"

"A felon cannot be insulted by a man of honor," he said, with an accent indescribably contemptuous.

My heart beat violently. I raised my hand to my throat. I was choking.

He continued:

"Yes, you! You, my wife!—you, a young, innocent girl, whom I thought God had given me because he permitted me to preserve your life. You, whose helpless and desolate condition appealed so strongly to me that I gave you the shelter of my name and home, are in heart and intention as criminal as the condemned felon who tomorrow will look his last upon God's sun. And you stand shameless and fearless before God and myself, and avow your wicked designs!"

I folded my arms, and confronted him calmly.

"You, at least, ought to know that I never am afraid."

"Signora, your effrontery is unequalled."

"Pardon me, signor; but your terms are somewhat severe. You should not forget that I am at least a woman."

"You a woman! You have unsexed yourself. A Briavilliers—a Lucrezia Borgia has no sex."

"Briavilliers! Lucrezia Borgia! They were very beautiful."

"Oh, Margaret! I did not look upon your outward form. I thought you possessed a noble and beautiful soul, and I loved you for that."

"What! love a felon?"

"Margaret, I was harsh—I was cruel. You are very young, and you acted upon the impulse of the moment. You repeat, do you not? You are happy that he has escaped?"

For an instant I wavering. I longed to acknowledge my fault, and return to my husband's arms; but the demon of Pride prompted me to answer "No."

Rafael's head drooped; his arms fell by his sides.

"May God forgive you!" he said, and slowly left the room.

That night I did not leave the studio, but

passed its weary length again and again, pausing now and then to look out upon the moonlit waters of Venice. Towards dawn I fell asleep, sitting upon the floor, with my head resting upon the cushion of a large footstool.

When I awoke in the morning, fatigued and unrefreshed, I perceived something white lying near my check, and raising it, found it to be a letter. I opened it and read:

"When you receive this, I shall no longer have a wife, or you a husband."

Since the discovery of your capabilities for crime, I feel that I can no longer respect, nor longer love you, and to remain with you would be the commission of a moral adultery."

But I do not leave you unprotected and unprovided for. I have placed in the studio of Francesco Spinola a sufficient sum to provide for your maintenance for a year. He will receive you into his family, and I shall from time to time remit other sums for your well, and said in the tone of one making an assertion rather than asking a question.

"You are Francesco Spinola?"

"Yes, Signora," said the old man, removing the cap that covered his few gray hairs, and half-rising from his chair.

"As for me, I shall leave Italy, to prosecute my art-studies in a foreign country."

RAFAEL GUIDARINI.

#### RETROSPECTION—PART FIRST.

A large, low room, arched towards the front, where the windows opened upon a balcony completely overruined with flowering vines, the gorgeous blossoms of which flamed like jewels amidst their thick and glossy foliage.

By one of these windows was placed an easel, and before it stood a woman, whose long, black robe assumed the statuette-like folds of Rachel's costume as Phœbe, whose hair, of a beautiful light golden color, was bound at the back of her small head by a narrow black ribbon, and fell in a profusion of loosely-rolling curls down below her waist.

Kneeling on the floor at a short distance from her was a round, comely contadina, a silver bodkin thrust through the shining coils of her black hair, a glittering necklace resting upon her plump bosom, and her brown, dimpled fingers engaged in piling up oranges in a basket which might have figured in one of Teniers' groups. She looked up with a smile that displayed all her white teeth, and said,

"Signora," said the old man, "the inflection of his voice showing that he was about to communicate something which he feared would cause his visitor pain, "he is there;" he pointed upward as he spoke, with a gesture indescribably solemn.

His listener became frightfully pale, and pressed her hands together convulsively under the thick folds of her mantle.

"He is then dead!"

"Signora," said the old man, "he had been married about three months to a young Englishwoman who possessed a beautiful voice, and that was all, when he came to me one night and said, 'Spinola, I am about leaving Italy, and I place my wife in your charge, as I shall not take her with me. Here is money to pay you for all the expenses you may be at on her account, and I will send you more as it is required.' Rafael had some interest in England, though I never could discover what it was, so I did not think it strange when he announced his intention, as he had been there several times before. He set sail the next morning before daylight."

I could not tell whether the Signora grieved over his absence or not—these Inglesi are as proud as the devil, but two days after his departure she disappeared. A gondolier picked up her veil, which was floating on the Grand Canal, and we found her mantle on some steps. As we have never heard of her to this day, it is probable she was drowned.

"Well, Guidarini returned after a year—"

"Did he seem to mourn his wife's death?" interrupted his listener.

"The devil take me if I can say—he was a fellow for not talking, as proud and haughty as the Doge himself. In about three months after his return to England I received a letter from him, saying that he had arrived at great honor in that country, but had not forgotten his old friends, and enclosing bills to the amount of three thousand scudi. Shortly after there came tidings that the Armita, in which several Venetians had large ventures, was wrecked off Trieste; I went over among others to look after it, and among the bodies which were washed ashore I identified that of Rafael Guidarini."

The stranger rose from her seat, and drew her veil over her face.

"Spare me the details," she said, "and many thanks for your obliging information."

Her hand slid from under her mantle, and laid a heap of glittering coins upon the table, then she ran down the stairs and sprang into her gondola at a bound.

MOISTURE IN THE AIR.—One of the most curious and interesting of the recent discoveries of science is, that it is to the presence of a very small proportion of a watery vapor in our atmosphere—less than one-half of one per cent—that much of the beneficial effect of heat is due. The rays of heat sent forth from the earth after it has been warmed by the sun, would soon be lost in space, but for the wonderful absorbent properties of these molecules of aqueous vapor, which act with many thousand times the power of the atoms of oxygen and nitrogen of which the air is composed. By this means the heat, instead of being transmitted into infinite space as fast as produced, is stopped or dammed up, or held back on its rapid course, to furnish the necessary conditions of life and growth. Let this moisture be taken from the air but for a single summer night, and the sun would rise next morning upon a world held fast in the iron grip of frost."

"A soldier of the 1st Pa. Cavalry, in the Potowmack army, was a short time since found asleep near Warrenton, Va., having slept 26 hours. He stepped up to his captain and said, "Captain, I die tomorrow at 4 o'clock, and the war will end in June. You have no more for me to do." As the clock struck 4 on the following day he died without a groan."

"A rebel war correspondent (which say, "The war is a huge frolic to the Yankees. They want nothing. There is no service in their camps, or longing for home; and a bloody field is looked on joyously as opening the door to promotion."

"It is remarkable that you are always forgetting my name," said a young acquaintance named Flint. "Why," said Quip, "it is a deuced hard name to remember."

"There is but little difference between a pinch and a punch; it consists of the fingers only between a & f."

#### SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1864.

REMOVED COMMUNICATIONS.—We can not undertake to return rejected communications.

#### THE Sewing Machine Premium Withdrawn.

Our offer of a Sewing Machine as a Premium is withdrawn for the present. This notice applies to the LADY'S FRIEND as well as to the Post.

#### MRS. WOOD'S STORY.

We have at last received the advance sheets from England, of the next portion of "OSWALD CRAY," and shall be able to go on with it in next week's paper. After this we hope to have no break in the story.

#### ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

It is pleasant in passing through the picture galleries of the Academy, to find out an artist through his distinguishing excellencies before glancing at his name, thus greeting old friends by right of recognition. On our first round this season a companion a little advanced entreated our attention to a piece of water that was real water. It had truly the indescribable charm of reality—pure, cool, delicious, deep in the shaded woods.

His listener became frightfully pale, and pressed her hands together convulsively under the thick folds of her mantle.

"He is then dead!"

"Signora," said Spinola, the inflection of his voice showing that he was about to communicate something which he feared would cause

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, MAY 21, 1864.

## SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

Women's Pennsylvania Branch,  
1207 Chestnut St., Philadelphia;

Mr. CALVIN COPE, Treasurer,  
N. E. Corner Sixth and Mifflin Sts., Phila.

## Sub-Committee on Correspondence.

Mr. R. B. GRANT, Chairman,  
Mr. B. H. MOORE, Vice-Chairman,  
Mr. GROTON PLATT, Secy. Gen.  
Mr. P. M. CLAPP, Asst. Secy.  
Mr. W. H. FURNISS.  
Mr. LATHROP.  
Miss M. M. DUANE.

every care secure, will be neglected by the  
Commission.

R. H. LEWIS,  
General Superintendent.

## THE GREAT CENTRAL FAIR.

LADIES' RECEIVING DEPOT.

The Ladies' Committee on Arrangements (internal) and Reception of Guests, will be in daily attendance from 10 A. M. until 6 P. M., at their depot in the Fair Building, N. E. corner of Logan Square, Philadelphia, and Vine Street, to receive, record and acknowledge all articles that may be sent. The diff. railroads and express companies have kindly offered to carry all donations for the Fair free of charge.

Mrs. GROTON PLATT, Chairman.

P. S. It is particularly requested that the price should be marked upon each article sent.

## A NEW PAPER.

The Newspaper Committee of the Great Central Fair will publish a paper, to be called *Our Daily Fare*, during the continuance of the Fair in this city. The contributors will include writers both in this country and Europe. A complete history of the Fair, very full and impartial reports of all current events connected with it, a list of the goods for sale, its associates setting forth its character, records of the amusements and exhibitions given in its aid, and copious illustrations of the Sanitary movement, will be given, to which will be added events and incidents of the battle-field and of the Sanitary Commission, with articles in prose and verse, referring to the war for the Union, the object and experience of the Commission, or to events and incidents connected with the Fair which have been held in different cities. To this a committee especially appointed for the purpose have added the results of their researches in the field of deeply interesting documents by General Washington, Franklin, J. J. C. Lee, Lafayette, William Penn, and other great men of our past, never before printed. Among other literary attractions is promised a curious autographic letter by the English novelist Smollett to an American Geo. W. Childs is chairman of the Publishing Committee, and Cecilia, Godfrey Lealand is to be the chief editor.

## DONATIONS.

MONDAY, May 9th, 1864.

The Women's Penn. Branch United States Sanitary Commission acknowledges the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:

## PENNSYLVANIA.

Old Pine Street Church, Dr. Baldwin, Mrs. L. C. Farr, Mrs. I. Long; School Hill Circle, Mrs. Wm. Johnson, Secy.; Grosvenor Shrine; Ladies' Aid, Penn's Manor, Bucks, con. 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Bedford, Bedford Co., Miss M. F. Barclay, Secy., 1 box; Central Aid, Chester on, Mrs. R. Price, Secy., 3 boxes; Ladies' Aid, Contours, Lycoming co., 1 box; Soldiers' Aid, Monroe, Susquehanna co., Miss E. C. Blackman, Secy., 1 box; St. Mark's Lutheran church, Mrs. E. May, Secy., 1 pkg; Mrs. Peterson, 50 floral shirts; 5 pairs woolen socks, don't know; Ladies' Aid, Towanda, Bradford on, Mrs. M. Eliza Overton, Secy., 5 pkg picnics; St. Thomas's church, Mrs. Dorney, Secy., 1 pkg; 1 box reading master, donor unknown; Soldiers' Aid, Kep, Columbus co., Mr. M. C. Edgar, 3 boxes; Ladies' Aid, Hillsboro, Sullivan on, Mrs. W. Lippincott, Secy., 3 boxes; Ladies' Aid, Danville, Montour on, Miss A. M. Montgomery, 1 box; Mrs. Uhler School Lane, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Newfane, Secy., 1 box; Mrs. R. Moore, boxes No. 49 and 50; Ladies' Aid, North Jackson, Mrs. F. Hall, Secy., 5 boxes; Church of the Holy Trinity, Mrs. Buckell, 1 pkg; St. Stephen's church, Mrs. W. Radnor, Secy., 1 pkg; Soldiers' Aid, Pittstown, Montgomery Co., Miss Anna F. Steele, Secy., 1 box; and N. E. Coventry Soldiers' Aid, Montgomery Co., Miss Olivia Wells, Secy., 1 box; Shubers' Aid, Lewistown, Union Co., Mr. Dr. Dickson, Secy., 1 box; Soldiers' Aid, Glenwood, Susquehanna Co., Miss Jessie Hardee, Secy., 1 box; Mrs. Jacob Carver, 1867 Locust st., 1 pkg; 16th and Gilbert St. Hospital, I. denholm.

## NEW JERSEY.

Ladies' Aid, Mrs. Landing, Mrs. Mary Taylor, Secy., 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Bordentown, Mrs. Lydia Cartisier, Secy., 3 boxes.

## DELAWARE.

Ladies' Aid, New Castle, Miss Stockton, Secy., 1 box.

## A FRUITFUL VINE.

In the Harleian MSS. we find mention made of a certain Scottish weaver who had no less than sixty-two children, and all by one wife. This family included four daughters, who lived to be women, and the rest of the three-score and two were boys, who all lived to be baptised. Out of these, forty-six actually reached man's estate. The writer, one Thomas Gibbons adds, that during the time of this fruitfulness on the part of the wife, the husband was absent for some five years in the Low Countries, where he served under Captain Sibby; and that after his return home his wife was again delivered of three children at a birth, and "continued in her due time in such births" until she ceased childbearing. The informant of Mr. Gibbons was John Delaval, Esq., of Northumberland, who was high sheriff of that county in 1625, and who, in 1630, rode from Newcastle to a place about thirty miles beyond Edinburgh to see this wondrous and fruitful couple. Mr. Delaval, however, did not find any of the children then residing with their parents, though three or four of them were living at Newcastle at the time. It appears that Sir John Bowes, and other wealthy Northumbrian gentlemen of quality, adopted and brought up the children in batches of ten and twelve a piece, and that the residue were "disposed of" by others among the Scottish and English gentlemen of the Border Country.—Once a week.

"In 1861 I was forbidden to take the SATURDAY EVENING POST, as a black republican paper, out I did not obey. My Union friends rejoiced with me in reading a good Union paper, and I saved them all for the poor boys at St. Louis.

"Two rebel horse thieves, armed, visited a little village within eight miles of us this week, and committed four or five murders. One was killed, the other escaped."

Yours, respectfully,

This letter needs no comments. The woman who wrote it is a heroine worthy of the revolutionary blood that courses in her veins. Cannot some steps be taken to restore her children to her?

## The Sanitary Commission at Work.

U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION, PHILADELPHIA AGENCY, No. 1207 Chestnut St., set, May 11, 1864.—To the Editor of the Evening Bulletin:—In this anxious hour, when the condition of those who have been wounded in the late battles is exciting the deepest public sympathy, it may relieve many who have friends in the army, to know what ample measures have been taken by the Sanitary Commission to render that sympathy available to the soldier, in the most speedy, practical and efficient form.

Last week two steamers, each about 200 tons capacity, fully laden with supplies of all kinds, in charge of a large corps of relief agents, were dispatched from Baltimore and proceeded to James River, where they follow the movements of General Butler's column.

This morning I have a letter from the Washington office, dated yesterday, which states: "Two Sanitary Commission boats have just left here, one loaded with horses and wagons for the field, the other with good Samaritans, that is relief agents for the field, about 70 in number. Among them are Dr. Douglass, Camp Inspector; Dr. Steiner, Chief of Relief Corps; Mr. F. Y. Mayor of Chelsea; Mr. Husband and Mrs. Gilson. They go with abundance of supplies to Aquia Creek, where they expect to serve the country to Fredericksburg.

This auxiliary relief corps is largely composed of every man, and of theological students from Princeton, and the too theological seminaries at New York, who have volunteered their services for the emergency. The supplies sent up these four boats are in addition to those now in the field with the army, which are largely beyond precedent. The public may rest assured that nothing for the relief of the wounded which large means, perfect organization and untiring en-

## TWO CELEBRATED BEAUTIES.

In reading English memoirs of the last century, we have often met, with allusion to the "beautiful Miss Gunnings," who were as famous for their charms in those days as Helen of old, in Greece. We extract from a recent English magazine, a gossipy account of their career, which we have no doubt is as true as any of the history of the times. The ladies referred to were daughters of John Gunnings, Esq., an Irish gentleman in comparatively humble circumstances, and were educated accordingly. Their brother became a major-general in the army, and was knighted. Our extract commences with their first entry into the circles of London society.

By-and-by the two belles, now grown up, were taken over to London, and almost instantly earned a success and reputation, for which a parallel, in that department, can scarcely be found. They had no fortune, they had no slender connections; but fashion in those days was more or less republican. In a society a little wild and frank in taste, and where men of the stamp of Lord March, Selwyn, Mr. Wilkes, and Sir Francis Dashwood were leaders, the claims of dazzling beauty were not to be resisted. They took the town by storm. They burst upon the metropolis in the early months of the year 1781. Walpole, that most full and delightful chronicler, made this appearance a leading item in his next budget for Florence. The wranglings of ministers, he wrote to his friend, were regarded with utter indifference. The Miss Gunnings were in everybody's mouth, "being twenty times" more talked of than the N-womble family and Lord Granville. These, he says, are "two Irish girls of no fortune, who are declared the handsomest women alive. I think," says the critical Horace, "there being few so handsome and of such perfect figures in their chief excellence, for singly I have seen much handsome women than either."

Many stories flutter about as to their first entry on the gay London social boards. Mrs. Gunnings was not likely to step from Great Britain Street into the Mayfair of these days, without some miracle of fashionable society being specially worked for her. One legend was, that some cruel wag sent them sham cards for a great lady's masquerade, but which the Irish mother was skillful enough to detect, and which she "improved" with the wit and daring of her country. She waited on the noble lady in person, taking care to bring with her one of her matchless daughters. She told off her fine card. The eyes of the noble lady were upon the daughter. She thought of her masquerade, and, as may be imagined, substituted a genuine for the forged invitation.

The new belles received a share of damage that was almost inconceivable, for when they went forth upon the public prado, and took the air in the parks at fashionable hours, they were attended by such admiring crowds that it soon became impossible to enjoy that pastime. The public admiration was not restrained by any fear of delicacy, and was perhaps the more acceptable as an honest testimonial. That was in June. In August they were still censured, and "make more noise than any of their predecessors since the days of Helen." No wonder Mrs. M. stage spoke of them as "those goddesses the Gunnings."

But their fresh Irish noise, and, it must be said, rough *brusquerie*, laid them open to all manner of strange stories and ill-natured remarks. An odd legend went round the club. They went down to see the paintings at Hampton Court; and having passed into what is called the Beauty Room, where are the question-able shepherdesses of King Charles, they heard the housekeeper show another company in with this introduction, "Ladies, here are the Beauties." The wild pair, assuming this to be directed to themselves, flew into a violent rage, asked her what she meant—that they came to see the palace and paintings, not to be shown themselves.

They were in the best society. About Christmas in the same year, it was not surprising that each should have a distinguished admirer. J. Jones, Duke of Hamilton, a wild rove Scotch nobleman, "equally damaged in his fortune and person" says the bitter Horace, met her at a masquerade, and fell desperately in love with Elizabeth, the younger. Lord Coventry, "a grave, young lord of the patriot breed," was the professed admirer of the other. Everybody watched the progress of the business eagerly. She and her mother played a bold but skillful game. They appeared everywhere with the noble suitor. When he had to move the address in the House of Lords, the brilliant Miss girl sat beside him, and thus caused him to be agitated by the two passions of fear and love. Her mother told Lord Granville afterwards that "the poor girl" was near fainting with agitation. The duke vaguely proposed marriage some time in the spring. Lord Chesterfield presently gave a magnificent assembly, at which every person of quality was present, who were to be amused with the spectacle of the duke's frantic courtship. He sat at one end of the room, and played faro and carried on a disorderly flirtation with the young beauty who was at the other end. Three hundred pounds was

on each card; so in a very short time by these tactics he was a loser of nearly a thousand pounds. The Hon. Horace Walpole was among the company, taking sarcastic notice. "I was so little a professor in love that I thought all this parade looked ill for the poor girl, and could not conceive why he was so much engaged with his mistress as to disregard such sums, why he played at all."

Two nights afterward, the strange scene came about. Her mother and sister were away at Bedford House, and the duke found himself alone with the famous belle. A sudden ardor—whether of wine or affection—seized on him, and he insisted on having the ceremony performed at once, and on the spot. A parson was promptly sent for, but, on arriving, refused to officiate without the important essentials of a license or a ring, neither of which had been thought of. The duke swore, and talked of calling in the archbishop. Finally, the parson's scruples gave way before his impatience; the license was overlooked, and the lack of the traditional gold ring was happily supplied by the ring of a lad's curia. The ardent duke was at last lawfully married, at midnight in Mayfair Chapel. This adventure threw all London into an uproar. The Scotch were furious; "the women mad that so much beauty has had its effect" (now the bitter Horace); and, better than all, it had a stimulating effect on the admirers of her sister, for Lord Coventry at once gave out that he intended marrying a new one or to make a thorough retreat was not known. A division of Wright's forces and one of Hancock's Corps set out to determine the matter, and at 7.30 A. M. came upon the rebel rear-guard. Lee's departure inspired the men with fresh energy, and the whole force was soon to move. The proportion of severely wounded on Tuesday was much greater than in previous engagements, owing to the use of artillery. General Stanton announced that reinforcements are going forward.

From General Butler an official dispatch dated Thursday afternoon was also received. He stated that he was pressing the enemy near Fort Darling. General Gillmore held the intrenchments, while 8,000 demonstrated upon Drury's Buff and the rebel lines. General Banks had been sent to cut the Danville Railroad near Appomattox station. An unofficial dispatch, dated at nine o'clock on Thursday night, stated that the whole force moved on the Petersburg and Richmond Railroad, and at noon found the enemy entrenched. The 10th New Hampshire charged and drove the rebels from the intrenchments. There was retreating all the afternoon, but no general engagement took place. A number of prisoners were captured.

From Cincinnati we also had a statement that Gen. Johnson had evacuated Dalton, Ga., and our forces now occupied the place.

We also heard that Sigel, with his column, had cut the other great railroad in Lee's rear between Charlottesville and Lynchburg.

And, on the other side, a rumor that Banks was retreating through L. Union by land to New Orleans.

## A GREAT WEEK.

Last week was full of the most momentous tidings—nearly all of the most encouraging kind. Let us briefly recapitulate:

On Monday we had news of Grant's great Virginia victory during Tuesday and Friday previous; Sherman's arrival at Tunnel Hill; Johnston's retreat from Resaca, and Stonewall Jackson's arrival at Atlanta.

Tuesday gave us more particulars concerning Grant's onward march and Sherman's of Lee, and a Presidential proclamation for thanksgiving over victory.

Wednesday brought tidings from Grant; the fight at Resaca; and rebel counter-attacks with Sherman's nearly all successful.

Wednesday, May 16, we received news of Lee's retreat from Atlanta, and McPherson's march into the rear of Dalton.

Thursday heralded the growing victory of Grant, and brought an official confirmation of victory on the unoccupied banks of the Po.

Friday told that the Army of the Potomac had another severe battle on Thursday. Hancock made the attack at daylight, forcing the fire, and then the second line of the enemy's works, capturing the whole of Edward Johnson's division, and part of Kirby's, together with Major General Johnson, Gen. Stuart, and thirty others. General Burnside, on the extreme left, opened at the same time with General Hancock, and advanced along the line of battle, driving back ten miles. On the 11th, Atlanta was taken, and many rebels surrendered, released their slaves, etc., were allowed to leave the city. At Tullow's Tavern on the 12th there was an obstinate fight with General Kirby's cavalry, but the rebels were finally driven back four miles towards Atlanta, and the forces of artillery were captured. This fight was in progress, a long time, and exposed the left line of General McPherson's corps. Gen. Wright's and Gen. Warren's corps were also engaged. An official despatch from General Grant states that between three or four thousand prisoners were captured. Grant also says that we have lost no captures.

Saturday brought us word that Mr. Davis, the Assistant Secretary of War, telegraphed from Spotsylvania on Friday evening, that Lee had abandoned his position during the night, but whether to occupy a new one or to make a thorough retreat was not known.

A division of Wright's corps and a part of Lee's force remained at Dalton, and a half of Lee's forces were captured.

On Sunday morning the rebels retreated about ten miles, and were followed by the Union forces.

The enemy made a gallant but unsuccessful effort to recapture Atlanta, but were repelled, and many rebels were captured.

On the 13th the rebels were repelled, and our forces advanced at Tullow's Bridge. The total loss will not exceed 300 in killed and wounded, and 300 in missing. General Butler's corps and 10,000 men were destroyed. The 10th New Hampshire was reported to have been killed in battle. This so doubtful happened in the fight at Tullow's Tavern. Gen. Sheridan has formed a junction with Gen. Butler.

General Butler has sent to the War Department an official despatch, dated Saturday morning, on Saturday morning. He was the head of Drury's Buff. On Friday evening, Gen. Gillmore, by a flank movement, assaulted and took the enemy's works on their right. On Saturday morning at 6 o'clock, General Banks carried the first line on the right of the rebels, with but small loss.

The rebels retired into three separate redoubts, upon which our artillery was playing at the close of the despatch.

General Schofield had a fight of two hours on the 14th, at Bull's Gap, near Moxo-ristown, in East Tennessee. The rebels retreated, and the Union troops, at last advised, were pursuing them into North Carolina.

Gen. Sherman has officially notified the War Department of the evacuation of Dalton, and states that our forces are in the rear and on the flank of the rebels. A despatch from Cincinnati says that Gen. Thomas Dalton and captured about 5,000 prisoners and 10 or 12 pieces of artillery. The rebels have retreated in some disorder to Rosetta and Roma.

Gen. Sigel has officially reported himself at Woodstock, Virginia. The rumor that he has crossed the railroad between Lynchburg and Christiansburg is untrue.

Advice from Rd R R via Cairo, states that the rebels have concentrated at least three batteries on Rd river, between its mouth and Alexandria. General McClellan was soon to reinforce General Banks.

## LATEST NEWS.

From the Army of the Potomac we have news from several of the battles of the day, day and night. The battle is still going on to the benefit of all. The rebels' losses are heavy, and ours are also.

On Monday we had news of Grant's great Virginia victory during Tuesday and Friday previous; Sherman's arrival at Tunnel Hill; Johnston's retreat from Resaca, and Stonewall Jackson's arrival at Atlanta.

Wednesday, May 16, we received news of Lee's retreat from Atlanta, and McPherson's march into the rear of Dalton.

Thursday heralded the growing victory of Grant, and brought an official confirmation of victory on the unoccupied banks of the Po.

Friday told that the Army of the Potomac had another severe battle on Thursday.

Hancock made the attack at daylight, forcing the fire, and then the second line of the enemy's works, capturing the whole of Edward Johnson's division, and part of Kirby's, together with Major General Johnson, Gen. Stuart, and thirty others. General Burnside, on the extreme left, opened at the same time with General Hancock, and advanced along the line of battle, driving back ten miles. On the 11th, Atlanta was taken, and many rebels surrendered, released their slaves, etc., were allowed to leave the city.

At Tullow's Tavern on the 12th there was an obstinate fight with General Kirby's cavalry, but the rebels were finally driven back four miles towards Atlanta, and the forces of artillery were captured.

This fight was in progress, a long time, and exposed the left line of General McPherson's corps. Gen. Wright's and Gen. Warren's corps were also engaged. An official despatch from General Grant states that between three or four thousand prisoners were captured. Grant also says that we have lost no captures.

On Saturday morning the rebels retreated about ten miles, and were followed by the Union forces.

The enemy made a gallant but unsuccessful effort to recapture Atlanta, but were repelled, and many rebels were captured.

On the 13th the rebels were repelled, and our forces advanced at Tullow's Bridge. The total loss will not exceed 300 in killed and wounded, and 300 in missing.

MAY.

ONE more the blooming May, with blossoms  
and buds,  
Gives to our pleasure in her sweetest bloom,  
And makes round laurels her bounties sweet  
To cover life and pleasure again.

ONE following sunny April morn,

See, smiling, wavy her bright and joyous  
green;

And all the leaves, covered with leaves,  
Are in one welcome to the happy May.

See how her smile is the sunbird's lay,  
The soft presence in the honey-brown,  
The soft and woodland her wavy smile be-  
tween,

The birds were free all the happy time,  
And their greeting in the babbling rill,  
Resounded from, where's cold and lay away;  
And then the sun, gazing on the hill,  
Their silent voices give to blooming May.

THE BLOOMING BUDS among the  
leaves

Mark their sweet perfume on the early air,  
And tell the coming of bright summer hours,

And golden harvest in the autumn fair.

The swelling dew-drop on the velvet leaf

Shows in the morning sun and sparkle;

And smiling May her mother sunshine yields,

When twining April stirs her baby tears.

We gladly greet thee, maiden month of May,  
We love thy sunny smile and warm caress,  
And for the coming of the fatal day

The sun goes down her breast, richest dress;

Wishes to pixel beneath the May-day sun,

And gather flowers from the verdant sod,

One, in their fragrance, there's the smile of one,

The Author of all beauty, Nature's God.

## A WHIM AND A WRINKLE.

—He often fears his fate too much,  
Or his desert is small,  
That does not put it to the touch,  
To win or lose it all."

—Moyens of Montreal.

The Comtesse de Briancourt was a  
widow.

The Comtesse de Briancourt was a young  
widow—a wealthy widow—a beautiful  
widow! As it is seldom any one woman  
possesses such a combination of attractions,  
it is no wonder that all Paris was eager to  
throw itself at her feet; that poets sang of  
her charms, that painters loved to imitate  
them upon canvas, that gentlemen "of a  
certain age" professed to dream of them!  
The Comtesse de Briancourt was a celebrity  
—a Venus at whose shrine both youth and  
age were content to bow.

Youth, wealth, and beauty! Three rarest  
gifts of Fortune. What more can a woman  
—and a woman who is a widow—desire to  
ensure her happiness? Youth, to enjoy the  
applause which her beauty demands and her  
wealth entitles; beauty, which elevates, en-  
nobles, and, as it were, consecrates wealth;  
wealth, which does no mock for the ador-  
ement and preservation of beauty. I know  
many persons who would be excessively  
contented with one of these blessings, to say  
nothing of three. It is all very well for Mr.  
Pope to declare that "virtue alone is hap-  
piness below." Ask Amadeo whether she  
would be satisfied with so sorry a substitute  
for those dark eyes and odorous tresses now  
the constant delight of Corset Plantagenet  
Jones!"

Yet youth, wealth, and beauty were not  
sufficient to render happy the Comtesse de  
Briancourt. Her physician said her nerves  
were at fault. Her maid protested that it  
was long hours and long dances. Her friends  
declared it was her excess of sensibility.  
She herself complained that she was passing  
for want of sympathy; that "in all the wide  
world there was no heart attuned to her  
own, which could comprehend her aspira-  
tions and soothe her sorrows."

It is my belief that the Comtesse de  
Briancourt was in love!

In love? Yes—for love does not always  
have that tranquilizing influence ascribed  
to it by poets and romancers. Its eyes are  
not always looking through rose-colored  
spectacles. It often breeds in the mind a  
mild dissatisfaction with everything; the  
heart having nothing more to hope for,  
nothing gains upon it, and the poor victim  
looks around despairingly for a new excite-  
ment. And this, I take it, is the reason that  
love, at first, is so prone to verge upon  
melancholy.

The sun was already near the zenith, and  
the bright beams were flooding with golden  
lighting the boudoir of the Comtesse de  
Briancourt, when—when—hang it! I know  
I should break down—the heroines always  
break down. I mean to say that it was  
nearly noon on a certain day in July, 1864, when the Comtesse de Briancourt sat  
down before her looking-glass to attire her  
fair person, conscious of her charms, and lie  
in to the scandal of Paris as related by her  
old chaperone. I know so little of the mys-  
teries of fine lady's toilette! Heaven be  
praised for my ignorance! that I shall not  
know the under-wear details of costumes and pomades, comestics, pastes,  
linens, lace, or plumes. Besides, as the  
Comtesse de Briancourt never admitted the  
world into her dressing-room, what right  
have I to obtrude the reader upon its  
interior?

The scene completed, the curtains—still  
swayed by Lisette—moved into the adjust-

ing chamber, and surveyed with innocent  
gratification the wonderful work of Art and  
Nature reflected in the large mirror before  
which she displayed herself. Art had done  
more, but nature had done more. Nature  
alone had given those abundant traces of  
even blackness, those large circuitous eyes,  
those rosy budding lips, that symmetrical  
figure, which combined the stolidness of a  
queen with the natural grace of a Greek  
beauty. Art, it is true, had arranged the  
tresses with exquisite taste and draped the  
figure with becoming robes, and, for my part,  
I believe it to be the duty of a lovely  
woman to do all she can to heighten and  
preserve her loveliness. Her beauty is a  
precious gift which she must not deal with  
lightly. To the world she is a splendid pic-  
ture—a wonderful sculpture—a masterpiece,  
whose contemplation has in it a rare and  
peculiar pleasure.

"Nought under heaven so strongly doth allure  
The sense of man and all his mind possesses."

But while the Comtesse de Briancourt  
surveyed herself in her mirror, a sudden  
fear took possession of her soul. She called  
Lisette.

"Lisette! Is it true? Can it—can it  
be?"

"O! madame, you frighten me? What  
is the matter?"

"Look, look, Lisette! Here—over my  
right eye-brow, and near the temple; is it—  
is it a wrinkle?"

Lisette looked carefully at the charming  
forehead bowed down before her, and, after  
a painful scrutiny, detected just a line on  
its smooth and glittering skin, as if Time  
had not had the heart to complete the en-  
tire work which in some unlucky moment  
he had but begun. Lisette was compelled  
to acknowledge that a wrinkle was just per-  
ceptible to the eye of jealousy, but she  
doubted whether it would be visible to the  
kinder gaze of Love.

The Comtesse de Briancourt flung her-  
self into the nearest fauteuil, and sighed  
deeply.

Lisette applied to her eyes a daintily-em-  
brodered handkerchief.

"I must marry," said the Comtesse de  
Briancourt, "before the few charms have  
faded which can insure me a lover. This  
wrinkle is a warning which I dare not ne-  
glect! No fate is more deplorable than that  
of a discontented beauty who resorts to trickery  
and artifice to preserve but a semblance of  
the worship which was once offered her as  
her right. I must marry, Lisette—but but-  
whom?"

"Who indeed, madame?" said Lisette;  
"I know no one worthy of you."

"We women always fling ourselves away,  
Lisette; self-sacrifice is our privilege  
and our duty."

Nevertheless, among the thousand  
adorners who live upon madame's smiles,  
there may be one who has had the good for-  
tune to please her."

The comtesse blushed. The comtesse  
smiled. After the blush and the smile came  
a sigh. Our fair readers can, perhaps, de-  
termine for themselves what these sym-  
ptoms portended. Lisette read them her own  
way, and continued—

"I know, at least, of one true heart which  
beats only for madame!—lives but in the  
sunrise of her favor—beams in—"

"Silence, Lisette! I detect those com-  
munications of bewigged lovers. Whom would  
you have me believe so faithful and disinter-  
ested?"

"The Vicomte de Mauprat," replied the  
comtesse, with a slight smile, and curiously  
observing the warm color which suddenly  
spread over the snowy bosom and delicate  
cheeks of the comtesse. "Ah! he is a true  
man. He has the air noble and the ele-  
vated soul! Such generosity! Such honor!  
And, did, such a face and figure!"

"Hush, hush!" interrupted the comtesse,  
though her sparkling eyes belied her words;  
"let me hear no more of this monster of  
perfection. One would think that every  
one else in the world was ignorant of my  
existence."

"Nay, say, madame," said Lisette; "there  
is Mousieur Paul Duchesne, the *fermier-  
general*; he is only sixty, and very wealthy.  
Besides, he is dapper, and is constantly  
afflicted with the gout. Madame would  
make an admirable nurse!"

The comtesse frowned.

"Then there is the Baron d'Albret, who is  
sure to make a good husband. He takes  
such care of everything belonging to him  
that he will take care of you, madame, when  
you are a part of his property. And the  
Marquis de Lautrenais—handsome cer-  
tainly, but then, his temper! *Mon Dieu!* I  
would sooner marry a volcano! But ma-  
dame is silent—madame smiles—can it be  
the marquis whom she condescends to?"

"Yes, Lisette," exclaimed the comtesse,  
with a sudden energy, "you are right; it is  
the marquis." She continued to herself, as  
she hurriedly paced the room: "Tee vic-  
omte pained me yesterday without a glance  
or sign of recognition. He cannot love me!  
He has trifled with my heart, but he shall  
see how calm, how indifferent I am! I will  
marry the marquis, and when I meet M. le  
Vicomte at court I will annihilate him with  
my superb disdain. Yes, Lisette, I am re-  
solved. I will write to my parents and ac-  
quaint them with their fate."

She seated her self at her writing-table,  
but her hands trembled and her lips quiver-  
ed. It was some moments before she

could compose herself sufficiently to ex-  
ecute her task. Lisette looked on in silence  
at a drama whose purpose she could not  
comprehend.

The comtesse wrote three letters—two of  
courtesy dismissed to the *fermier-general*  
and the Vicomte de Mauprat, (I am not  
sure but that the latter was incensed with  
the hot tears of wounded pride and slighted  
affection.) To the marquis she wrote as  
follows:

"If your love for me be as true as you  
would have me believe, if your affection be  
worthy of me and yourself, I will no longer  
refuse to listen to you. I write in doubt, in  
fear, in hesitation; it is for you to reassure  
me. I shall be at home and alone this  
evening. MELANIE."

Just as she had finished the last of her  
missives, the Marquise de Nardillac was an-  
nounced, and the comtesse hurriedly en-  
trusted the three fatal billets to Lisette, with  
directions to enclose and address them proper-  
ly and forward them without delay. She turned to receive her visitor, and Lisette  
quitted the saloon.

"We will quit it with her, for the conver-  
sation of two pretty women, however interest-  
ing to themselves, has seldom much attraction.

Lisette read the letters with the curiosity  
proper to a lady's maid, and was ill pleased  
with their contents. She really loved the  
comtesse, and had a strong penchant for the  
liberal and handsome De Mauprat. She  
was, besides, too shrewd a woman not to  
understand that her mistress had acted on a  
mere whim, a momentary pique, and that her  
folly could not but lead to a long and  
perhaps unavailing repentance. It was her  
duty, she conceived, to prevent an issue so  
disastrous; and accordingly she placed the  
letters in fresh enclosures, and directed them  
after her own ideas of propriety. Her  
next step was to summon Francois—a co-  
mete of considerable ingenuity and more  
than ordinary good looks, between whom  
and herself tender relations had long been  
established—and despatch him with the  
three missives, particularly enjoining him  
to observe in what manner each gentlewoman  
received his billet. These preliminaries re-  
ceived, Lisette resigned herself to a many-  
volumed romance by Mademoiselle de Scud-  
eri, and—Fates!

"We will quit it with her, for the conver-  
sation of two pretty women, however interest-  
ing to themselves, has seldom much attraction.

Lisette read the letters with the curiosity  
proper to a lady's maid, and was ill pleased  
with their contents. She really loved the  
comtesse, and had a strong penchant for the  
liberal and handsome De Mauprat. She  
was, besides, too shrewd a woman not to  
understand that her mistress had acted on a  
mere whim, a momentary pique, and that her  
folly could not but lead to a long and  
perhaps unavailing repentance. It was her  
duty, she conceived, to prevent an issue so  
disastrous; and accordingly she placed the  
letters in fresh enclosures, and directed them  
after her own ideas of propriety. Her  
next step was to summon Francois—a co-  
mete of considerable ingenuity and more  
than ordinary good looks, between whom  
and herself tender relations had long been  
established—and despatch him with the  
three missives, particularly enjoining him  
to observe in what manner each gentlewoman  
received his billet. These preliminaries re-  
ceived, Lisette resigned herself to a many-  
volumed romance by Mademoiselle de Scud-  
eri, and—Fates!

"We will quit it with her, for the conver-  
sation of two pretty women, however interest-  
ing to themselves, has seldom much attraction.

Lisette read the letters with the curiosity  
proper to a lady's maid, and was ill pleased  
with their contents. She really loved the  
comtesse, and had a strong penchant for the  
liberal and handsome De Mauprat. She  
was, besides, too shrewd a woman not to  
understand that her mistress had acted on a  
mere whim, a momentary pique, and that her  
folly could not but lead to a long and  
perhaps unavailing repentance. It was her  
duty, she conceived, to prevent an issue so  
disastrous; and accordingly she placed the  
letters in fresh enclosures, and directed them  
after her own ideas of propriety. Her  
next step was to summon Francois—a co-  
mete of considerable ingenuity and more  
than ordinary good looks, between whom  
and herself tender relations had long been  
established—and despatch him with the  
three missives, particularly enjoining him  
to observe in what manner each gentlewoman  
received his billet. These preliminaries re-  
ceived, Lisette resigned herself to a many-  
volumed romance by Mademoiselle de Scud-  
eri, and—Fates!

"We will quit it with her, for the conver-  
sation of two pretty women, however interest-  
ing to themselves, has seldom much attraction.

Lisette read the letters with the curiosity  
proper to a lady's maid, and was ill pleased  
with their contents. She really loved the  
comtesse, and had a strong penchant for the  
liberal and handsome De Mauprat. She  
was, besides, too shrewd a woman not to  
understand that her mistress had acted on a  
mere whim, a momentary pique, and that her  
folly could not but lead to a long and  
perhaps unavailing repentance. It was her  
duty, she conceived, to prevent an issue so  
disastrous; and accordingly she placed the  
letters in fresh enclosures, and directed them  
after her own ideas of propriety. Her  
next step was to summon Francois—a co-  
mete of considerable ingenuity and more  
than ordinary good looks, between whom  
and herself tender relations had long been  
established—and despatch him with the  
three missives, particularly enjoining him  
to observe in what manner each gentlewoman  
received his billet. These preliminaries re-  
ceived, Lisette resigned herself to a many-  
volumed romance by Mademoiselle de Scud-  
eri, and—Fates!

"We will quit it with her, for the conver-  
sation of two pretty women, however interest-  
ing to themselves, has seldom much attraction.

Lisette read the letters with the curiosity  
proper to a lady's maid, and was ill pleased  
with their contents. She really loved the  
comtesse, and had a strong penchant for the  
liberal and handsome De Mauprat. She  
was, besides, too shrewd a woman not to  
understand that her mistress had acted on a  
mere whim, a momentary pique, and that her  
folly could not but lead to a long and  
perhaps unavailing repentance. It was her  
duty, she conceived, to prevent an issue so  
disastrous; and accordingly she placed the  
letters in fresh enclosures, and directed them  
after her own ideas of propriety. Her  
next step was to summon Francois—a co-  
mete of considerable ingenuity and more  
than ordinary good looks, between whom  
and herself tender relations had long been  
established—and despatch him with the  
three missives, particularly enjoining him  
to observe in what manner each gentlewoman  
received his billet. These preliminaries re-  
ceived, Lisette resigned herself to a many-  
volumed romance by Mademoiselle de Scud-  
eri, and—Fates!

"We will quit it with her, for the conver-  
sation of two pretty women, however interest-  
ing to themselves, has seldom much attraction.

Lisette read the letters with the curiosity  
proper to a lady's maid, and was ill pleased  
with their contents. She really loved the  
comtesse, and had a strong penchant for the  
liberal and handsome De Mauprat. She  
was, besides, too shrewd a woman not to  
understand that her mistress had acted on a  
mere whim, a momentary pique, and that her  
folly could not but lead to a long and  
perhaps unavailing repentance. It was her  
duty, she conceived, to prevent an issue so  
disastrous; and accordingly she placed the  
letters in fresh enclosures, and directed them  
after her own ideas of propriety. Her  
next step was to summon Francois—a co-  
mete of considerable ingenuity and more  
than ordinary good looks, between whom  
and herself tender relations had long been  
established—and despatch him with the  
three missives, particularly enjoining him  
to observe in what manner each gentlewoman  
received his billet. These preliminaries re-  
ceived, Lisette resigned herself to a many-  
volumed romance by Mademoiselle de Scud-  
eri, and—Fates!

"We will quit it with her, for the conver-  
sation of two pretty women, however interest-  
ing to themselves, has seldom much attraction.

Lisette read the letters with the curiosity  
proper to a lady's maid, and was ill pleased  
with their contents. She really loved the  
comtesse, and had a strong penchant for the  
liberal and handsome De Mauprat. She  
was, besides, too shrewd a woman not to  
understand that her mistress had acted on a  
mere whim, a momentary pique, and that her  
folly could not but lead to a long and  
perhaps unavailing repentance. It was her  
duty, she conceived, to prevent an issue so  
disastrous; and accordingly she placed the  
letters in fresh enclosures, and directed them  
after her own ideas of propriety. Her  
next step was to summon Francois—a co-  
mete of considerable ingenuity and more  
than ordinary good looks, between whom  
and herself tender relations had long been  
established—and despatch him with the  
three missives, particularly enjoining him  
to observe in what manner each gentlewoman  
received his billet. These preliminaries re-  
ceived, Lisette resigned herself to a many-  
volumed romance by Mademoiselle de Scud-  
eri, and—Fates!

"We will quit it with her, for the conver-  
sation of two pretty women, however interest-  
ing to themselves, has seldom much attraction.

## LINES.

OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When Heavens glows o'er the deep purple ocean,  
And Luce shines bright o'er the crags of the waves;  
When vapors blow softly with tremulous motion,  
And sea-nymphs steal forth from their ocean caves;

Ah, then burns my bosom with love's frenzied madness,  
Thou rest is my soul in fond ecstasy's trance,  
The burns and hope blossoms: soft languor, wild gladness,  
Returns thrill the blood-streams that through my veins dance.

Behold as gray dawn glimmers cold o'er the water,  
And Heavens pale mid Aurora's bright beams;  
When gales blow in freshness from every quarter,  
And life's toil and bustle succeed to night's dreams;

Then fade all those visions so bright, so resplendent,  
White night's starry mantle was spread o'er the sky;  
And vainly we long for those dreams so transcendent,  
That faded in glory while darkness was nigh.

F. D.

## LOST SIR MASSINGBERD.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

## TAKING THE SEALS OFF.

Marmaduke Heath came down to Fairburn according to his promise, but it cost him a great effort. With every stage his spirits seemed to fail and fall; and when Mrs. Myrtle at last clasped him in her arms—for Master Marmaduke was over a great favorite of hers, and the fact of his having grown up and got married weighed with her not a feather—his wan face was paler than when she had seen it last, notwithstanding its three years of happiness and freedom. It was Christmas-time; the Rectory was a bower of ivy and holly-berries; and just within the threshold, the locality which the good housekeeper had chosen for her embrace, hung a huge bunch of mistletoe, the finest that could be found in all the Chase. In the spotless kitchen, so exquisitely clean that you might, as the phrase goes, "have eaten your dinner off the floor," if it had not happened to have been a sanded one, there were preparations for sumptuous feasting; a delightful fragrance, suggestive of mincemeat with plenty of citrus, pervaded Mrs. Myrtle's private parlor, where the divine mysteries of Apicius were being celebrated. The little larder, cold and immaculate as a dead sucking-pig ready for the spit, was vivified with noble meats as for a siege; while monstrous pasties and plum-puddings, too many for the broad stone slabs, reposed upon the Dutch tiles that formed its carpet. It was no intention that the inhabitants of the Rectory should sit all the good things themselves; but it was a custom of Mr. Long, aided and abetted by Mrs. Myrtle, to keep open house for about a fortnight at this festive period, and to entertain certain worthy persons, who were old and indigent, in the sanded kitchen daily. Attempts to edify the Poor in those days were not made so often as they are at present, but it was held essential by all good Christian country-folk to keep Christmas as a feast, and to see that others kept it. I suppose Fairburn Hall was the only house in the country where that blessed time was ignored and taken no account of; Sir Massingberd had never suffered the slightest honor to be paid to it; and his worthy deputy and locum-tenens, Richard Gilmore, treated it with the like contumely.

The change from the bright little Rectory, with all its hospitable preparations, to the gloomy grandeur of the masterless mansion, was very striking, when we three crossed the road next morning to take the seals off, which Mr. Long had placed upon the principal rooms, and so, as it were, to break the blockade caused by the baronet's disappearance. The contrast began even with things without. Half one of the globes had been sliced from its pedestal on one side of the great iron gates; and in the very centre of the avenue, the grass grew long and rank. The sun-dial was cracked and gaped in zigzag, an emblem of the uncertainty that overspread the place. The heraldic beasts at the foot of the entrance-steps were much more mutilated than when I had seen them last, and had indeed only one stomp fire-paw or claw between them. Disease is sister to Abuse, but still how comes it that mere absence should begat, as it always does, such absolute Ruin? Had the Squire been at home the last three years, the globe upon the pedestal would have been whole, the dial flawless, the griffins with at least their larger limbs intact; and yet no man was ever seen to work this mischief. When the great door swung reluctantly back to admit the new possessor, he took my hand, and bade me Welcome, but his tone was far from gay.

Every glance he cast around him evoked, I could see, some unpleasant association, and even, perhaps, a vague terror.

There is something uncanny in exploring any dwelling the rooms of which have been locked up and unvisited for years—places that have been once consecrated to humanity, but have afterwards been given up to Solitude and slow decay. Memories of their ancient inmates seem to hang gloomily about them, like the cobweb in their corners; they are eloquent of desert and of death. The shriek of the mouse, and the singing of the blue fly in the pane, have perhaps alone been heard there in the interim; but there seem to have been other and ghastlier noises, which erased at our approach. Who knows what eerie deeds our sudden intrusion may have interrupted!

What faces glimmered through the doors, What footsteps trod the upper floor, we broke in! The peculiar circumstances under which our search was made intensified these feelings in us three, and even Gilmore, who accompanied us, was affected by them.

O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear; A sense of mystery the spirit daunted, And said as plain as whisper in the ear,

This place is worse than haunted.

The library was the first room we entered, which even in the palmy days of Fairburn Hall had been a dreary room, because the least in use. Except Marmaduke himself, no one ever sat there; the wicked books, which were the only sort read and patronized by Sir Massingberd, were all in the Squire's private sitting-room, and the gaps in the shelves that lined the present apartment, revealed that the Heaths had laid in a considerable stock of them. Old Sir Wentworth, a major in his old age, had been a dandy in his youth, and was often heard openly to regret that circumstance from the fact, that he was unable to peruse the loose continental literature which his ancestors had provided for his delectation, free of expense. Is the rare case when the Oak Parlor had not sufficient accommodation for the guests of the missing Squire, they had been wont to adjourn to the present apartment, to smoke and lounge through half the night; but it bore no trace of having been so used. Every chair and sofa were in their appointed place, as though they had grown up like trees through the dusty carpet. Upon the tables and mantel-pieces, the dust had settled inch-thick. The grate was laid ready for lighting; but over the coals and sticks hung a sort of mildew, that looked as if it would have defiled a pine-torch to set light to it. These things we remarked slowly, one by one, for the butter had only opened the shutters of one window, and the extent of the apartment was prodigious. The shelves were filled almost entirely with quartos—books were not hand-books in those days—rich with plates, and "meadows of margin;" you could not have sent a child on an errand to bring one of them; if he had managed to extricate a tome at all by painfully loosening it at head and foot, it might have fallen out and brained him. A fourth of the entire stock was composed of books of Catholic theology.

"Those," observed Mr. Long, "are the most valuable things in the library. Sir Nicholas is supposed to have won his bride by paying that costly tribute to her faith. The illuminations are most rare and splendid.—Why, what is this, Gilmore? I can't get this volume down. It seems stuck to the others."

The butler grinned maliciously.

"I think you will find them all like that, sir. There's nothing but the wood backs left. The Squire disposed of these books soon after Mr. Marmaduke left, and got this imitation stuff put up instead."

Mr. Long broke out into wrathful indignation, but the young heir kept silence, only smiling bitterly.

"Perhaps he was afraid that their heterodoxy might do his nephew harm," remarked I, rather tickled, I confess, by this characteristic fraud.

"No, sir," replied Gilmore dryly; "he merely observed, that, being theological works, there was as much in them now as before."

"Impious wretch!" exclaimed the rector. "See, he has bartered the Fathers of the Church for a set of empty backgammon boards, and lettered them with their venerable names."

"Here, however, is the Family Bible," said I; "he has not sold that."

The spider had spun his web across the sacred volume, but it opened readily enough at the only place, perhaps, into which his late owner had ever locked—the huge yellow fly leaf, upon which were inscribed the names of the later generations of the Heaths; Sir Massingberd's birth in his father's own handwriting, and Sir Wentworth's death in that of his son's, and only too probably his murderer's. The autograph was bold and flowing, quite different from the crabbed hand of the parent, in which the names of Gilbert Heath and Marmaduke's mother, were also written, as likewise that of Marmaduke himself. There was a little space beneath this last; and the young heir, looking over my shoulder, pointed to it significantly; doubtless, it had been hoped by the last possessor of the volume that this might

one day have been filled up by the date of his nephew's demise.

We were about to leave the room, when Mr. Long suddenly exclaimed:—"Hey, let us try the secret way. You told me, I remember, that you did not know of Jacob's Ladder; Marmaduke. The spring lies in the index of Josephine, a wooden volume, which perhaps put the notion of wholesale 'damnable' into Sir Massingberd's head." This practical satire upon the popularity of the Jewish histories was presently discovered, hidden away upon one of those ground-floor shelves, which, if the enthusiastic student investigated at all, it must be upon his knees. After a little manipulation, the spring obeyed, and with a snarl crack, as it is protest, the whole compartment of shelves above moved slowly outward on some hidden hinge and disclosed the narrow stairs that ended in the shepherd's of the state-chamber. The steps were worm-eaten, and the wall on both sides hung with moth-devoured and ranged tapestry. Marmaduke shrank back, and gazed upon the aperture with abhorrence and dismay. To what wise purpose might it not have been used, besides that of attempting to over-howl a poor child's recess? say, was it not possible that what we had sought, yet feared to find for so long, might be in this very place, where no eye could have looked or thought of looking? Might it not have hidden there, and been imprisoned alive, in righteous retribution, by the very spring which had ministered to hate and cruelty? "I went up here," said Mr. Long, dividing the young man's thoughts, "when I searched the house with Gilmore, and put on the scale. I think we should climb Jacob's Ladder, Marmaduke; as you will make the Hall your home, it is well to leave no spot in it associated with any unpleasantness, unfamiliar." So saying, the Rector led the way, and we all followed; there was some delay while he opened the door above, and certainly it was not a cheerful position for us in the meantime, crept up in the darkness, with the arms touching as with its ghostly folds on either side the narrow way; but I think that my tutor's advice was good, and that his old pupil experienced a feeling of satisfaction when the thing was done. Once more we stood together in that state-bedroom where Marmaduke had suffered such ghastly terrors when a boy.

"Sail I ever forget those thoughts!" muttered he with a shudder. "Can this room ever be otherwise than hateful to me! It was here, as I sat weak and ill in that arm-chair, that my uncle struck me for losing—Say, now I remember it all. Remove this skirting-board, Gilmore; take the poker; do not spare the rotting wood. Ay, there it is." A yellow something lay amid the dust and rubbish, which on inspection turned out to be a gold pencil-case. "That was lent me by my uncle, a dozen years ago," said Marmaduke musing, "and he chastised me for losing it. It had rolled under yonder skirting-board, but I was too terrified at the time to recollect the fact. I wish I could forget things now. Undo the other shutters, Richard. Light, more light!"

And thus we let the blessed sunlight into all the shuttered rooms. It glanced in galleries on knights in all their panoply, and smote the steel upon their visors, as though the flame of battle once more darted from their eyes; it made their tattered persons bleak again, and tipped their rusted spears with sudden fire. It flashed upon the stern scarlet in its seat of state-chamber itself as her sleeping apartment, and there in due time she safely brought forth a son. Upon his knees, Marmaduke thanked Heaven for the blessing which was thus vouchsafed to him, but above all, in that it had brought with it no curse. Verily had the house of mourning become the house of feasting, and the chamber of sorrow the chamber of mirth.

The unconscious father had been sitting

by the library fire, endeavoring vainly to distract his mind from what was occurring up stairs, and turning his eyes restlessly ever and anon towards the door, when the voice of Dr. Sitwell suddenly broke the silence.

"Sir Marmaduke, I congratulate you;

you have a son and heir."

"And my wife!" cried the husband, impatiently.

"She is as well as can possibly be expect-

ed, I do assure you."

"You are very welcome," exclaimed the young baronet, "and would have been so,

although you had chosen to burst your way in with a torpedo. But I confess you startled me a good deal."

"I am afraid I did," returned the doctor,

in a voice like a stream of milk and honey,

"although it was not my intention to do so.

But the fact is, I did not come in by the door at all. Her ladyship desired that I

should bring you the good news by way of

Jacob's Ladder; and I may add, that you

may come back with me that way and see her yourself for just one quarter of a minute."

So even Jacob's Ladder was made a pleasant thoroughfare to Marmaduke, and dearer from that hour than all staircases of wood and stone.

better this slender justification, since he had evidence his worse progenie in vice and folly. Mr. Otter had known, Mr. Long had guessed—we all of us had suspected more or less that the lost baronet's life had been evil beyond that of an ordinary man; but the dumb revelations which were made concerning it in the necessary examination of his papers, were deeply shocking. After destroying these, the next approach to cleansing Fairburn Hall was to discharge all the indoor domestics. Mr. Richard Gilmore remounted his conduct towards a faithful servant of the family, as he styled himself, very bitterly; but he departed with the rest, ladies, there is little doubt, with a very considerate plauder. Presently the visitors came down from town with a great following of work-people, and a caravan of wagons bearing costly furniture; then a host of servants, selected with as much care as was possible, replaced the others; and when all was ready—when and whence—was the place of the grand toilet being rejoiced, and put upon the same footing with those which hitherto had alone been "laid up"—Sir Marmaduke Heath and his wife took possession of Fairburn Hall.

Art had already done much to change this humble house into a comfortable as well as splendid mansion; but the presence of his new mistress did more than all to rescue it from the long tyranny of decay and gloom. Beneath her smile the shadows of the past could take no shape, but vanished, thin and pale. She would allow them nowhere resting-place. Where they had been wont to gather thickest to her husband's eye, she quelled them by her radiant presence, day and night. The Oak Parlor and its adjoining bedrooms she formed into a double boudoir for her own use and self; and straightway all bat-winged, harpy-beaked monstrosities, the brood of evil deeds, flew from it as the skirts of Night before the dawn, and in their place an angel-song came fluttering in, and made it their abode. No stage-fairy, wand in hand, ever effected transformation so more charming and complete. One fear, and one alone, now agitated Marmaduke's heart—for the safety of his precious wife in her approaching trial. He would have gladly cancelled nature's gracious promise, and lived outside all his days, rather than any risk should befall Lucy. His friends, his servants, and the villagers, brimful of hope that there should be an heir to Fairburn, flowed over in earnest congratulations; but for his part he felt apprehensive only. His heart experienced no yearning for the child who might endanger the mother. In accordance with her plan of ignoring all that had gone before of shame and sorrow, and regenerating evil places with a baptism of joy, Lady Heath had chosen the state-chamber itself as her sleeping apartment, and there in due time she safely brought forth a son. Upon his knees, Marmaduke thanked Heaven for the blessing which was thus vouchsafed to him, but above all, in that it had brought with it no curse. Verily had the house of mourning become the house of feasting, and the chamber of sorrow the chamber of mirth.

The unconscious father had been sitting by the library fire, endeavoring vainly to distract his mind from what was occurring up stairs, and turning his eyes restlessly ever and anon towards the door, when the voice of Dr. Sitwell suddenly broke the silence.

"Sir Marmaduke, I congratulate you; you have a son and heir."

"And my wife!" cried the husband, impatiently.

"She is as well as can possibly be expect-

ed, I do assure you."

"You are very welcome," exclaimed the young baronet, "and would have been so,

although you had chosen to burst your way in with a torpedo. But I confess you startled me a good deal."

"I am afraid I did," returned the doctor,

in a voice like a stream of milk and honey,

"although it was not my intention to do so.

But the fact is, I did not come in by the door at all. Her ladyship desired that I

should bring you the good news by way of

Jacob's Ladder; and I may add, that you

may come back with me that way and see her yourself for just one quarter of a minute."

"I shall let him perceive, however, that it

does so far at least as I am concerned—

upon surffance, and, as it were—what is the word?"—venerably."

"Very good," observed Mr. Broadbent.

"I am not quite clear as to your meaning;

but if you intend to put Harvey

Geard down, I do not think you will meet

with any very triumphant success. Why,

Sir Massingberd here, who would have grappled with the devil, was tripped up and thrown by this man with the greatest ease."

"Nevertheless, I shall give him my cold shoulder," observed Mr. Faintheart, stiffly;

"although I shall studiously avoid being rude."

"Faith, I would recommend your doing

that, my friend," argued the jolly squire.

"If you turned your back upon Harvey

Geard instead of your shoulder, my belief

is that he'd kick you."

"That he'd do what?" exclaimed Mr.

Barnardine Faintheart, late big sheriff

and present magistrate and constable of Middlesex.

"That he'd take advantage of the opportunity, that's all," returned Mr. Broadbent quietly. "No, no, sir, with a man

as poor in the place had not done so, it

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

## FOUND.

Now, when Marmaduke junior—who was named also Peter, to mark the regard which both its parents had for my poor self—became of the ripe age of fourteen years or so, and the spring had so far advanced upon the summer as to admit of open-air rejoicing, it was determined that the advent of the heir of Fairburn should be celebrated with all due honor. This would have been done before—for Lucy Heath had soon recovered her strength, and the child was reported to be a miracle of health and plumpness—had it not been for the backwoods of the season. The Hall had of course made merry upon the matter long ago, and if all the poor in the place had not done so, it



## INCOMPATIBILITY.

When George had given his Isabel would do him the favor of doing one of the most specious of a new volume, called *The Alien's*.

But when the *Alien* was most

cynical, and the girl's voice

with sudden exaltation of feeling,

wandering by chance to where her

husband, would catch him yawning be-

cause of age, or reckoning a patient's

on the square tips of his fingers.

Occasion poor George was terribly

afraid to behold his wife suddenly drop

upon her lap and burst into tears.

Imagine no reason for her weep-

he sat aghast, staring at her for

moments before he could utter any

consolation.

"Don't care for the poetry, George,"

with the sudden passion of a

child. "Oh, why do you let me

see, if you don't care for the

poetry?"

He do care for it, Ischie dear," Mr.

assured soothingly—"at least I

for you read, if it amuses you."

Along the "*Alien*" into the remo-

ning of the little parlor, and turned

husband as if he had stung her.

"You don't understand me," she said;

"I understand me."

"My dear Ischie," returned Mr. Gil-

digan, with a smile of relief and

confidence, "this does

not doubt, experience

is really connected

with ourself."

He walked over to the corner of the room,

and up the little volume, and smoothed

the crumpled leaves; for his habits were

crumpled, and the sight of a book lying open

on the carpet was unpleasant to him.

Of course poor George was right, and

Ischie was a very capricious, ill-tempered

young woman when she flew into a passion

of rage and grief because her husband

counted his fingers while she was reading to

him. But then such little things as these

make the troubles of people who are spared

in the storm and tempest of life. Such

arrows as these are the Scotch mists, the

drizzling rains of existence. The weather

doesn't appear so very bad to those who

behold it from a window; but that sort of

barely perceptible drizzle chills the hap-

happines pedestrian to the very bone. I have

heard of a lady who was an exquisite musi-

cian, and who, in the dusky twilight of a

honey-moon evening, played to her husband

—played as some women play, pouring out

all her soul upon the keys of the piano,

breathing her finest and purest thoughts in

some master-melodies of Beethoven or Mo-

ntzsch.

"That's a very pretty tune," said the hus-

band, complacently.

She was a proud, reserved woman, and

she closed the piano without a word of com-

plaint or disdain; but she lived to be old,

and she never touched the keys again.—*The*

*Doctor's Wife.*

FEMALE PHYSICIANS IN ENGLAND.

I find it stated, and I suppose on good

authority, that for the first time in England a

woman has passed a medical examination—

Mrs Elizabeth Garrett. She appealed to the

university of London and of St. Andrew's,

the college of surgeons of Edinburgh and

London, and to the college of physicians of

Edinburgh, but without success. Undaunted,

armed with an enduring strength resulting

from the consciousness of a brave good pur-

pose, she was not to be put down, and finally

appeared as candidate at Apothecaries Hall,

and is now a successful one. The license

here does not confer so high position as

that of the other institutions, but it is suffi-

cient, and certificates are granted to all who

comply with the regulations. All honor

to Apothecaries Hall—we will say nothing

of the generous minded heads of the col-

lege. Here is a step gained in the right

direction; here is an incentive and encou-

agement to other women, with few ho-

memes, and a noble desire to benefit their sex,

by enabling women to disclose to those able

as well as willing to help them their secret

iments, without outraging their most sensi-

tive feelings. How much suffering, bodily

and mental, would they be spared, how

many years of torture, secret and uncom-

plained of, would they be rescued from, if

the tiny seed of disease were destroyed, ere

the wide-spreading tree overshadowing with

death? Miss Garrett has not had an easy

task. She has very hardly won her success.

She has battled against public opinion, not

a pleasant thing for women. She has had

no inconsiderable number of difficulties

that are apt to

wear away the energy, but, thank God, she

has overcome. She can go up for her

final examination for eighteen months—

then her examinations (some already

passed) in chemistry, materia medica, anato-

mics, physiology, and botany will be over—

and we shall have one woman at any rate

among us following the ancient calling and

privilege of her sex; acting both with sci-

entific knowledge, and intuition, the true part

of woman—a healer of pain, and soother of

sorrows. By the side of her woman is ever

needed, and surely even among those who

are to be sure, some knowledge of

medicine and surgery would not render

them less soft of hand and light of foot, less

wiseful or self-sacrificing.

F. R. (Brompton).

SHIRT COLLARS OF LINEN, COTTON, PAPER

AND STEEL, ARE COMMON; BUT TO THIS

CATALOGUE ARE NOW TO BE ADDED SHIRT-COLLARS

MADE FROM VULCANIZED INDIA-RUBBER.

THE INVENTION HAS JUST BEEN PATENTED

IN ENGLAND.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

IS THE LEAST HOAX.—We learn from

the highest authority that the documents

recently published purporting to be letters

and dispatches from Earl Russell, Lord

Lyon, and Jeffreys Davis, through his pri-

vate secretary, respecting the building of

rebel rams in British ports, were unauth-

orized forgeries from beginning to end, and

such documents having ever been written

by the parties whose names they bore.—

—N. Y. HERALD.

THE GREAT FAMILY MEDICINE OF THE AGE!

WE ask the attention of the trade and the

public to this long and invaluable FAMILY MEDICINE.

IT HAS BEEN FAVORABLY KNOWN FOR MORE THAN

TWENTY YEARS TO THE ONLY DURE SPECIFIC FOR

THE MANY DISEASES INCIDENT TO THE HUMAN FAMILY.

IT IS TRULY AND EXTRAVAGANTLY WORKED.

WHAT STRONG PROOF OF THESE FACTS CAN BE PROVIDED

BY THE FOLLOWING LETTER RECEIVED FROM REV. A. W. CARTER:

ROMEO, MACOMB CO., Mich., July 6, 1863.

MESSRS. J. H. HARRIS & CO.

GENTLEMEN.—I have in Perry Davis' "Pain Killer" a remedy for Colds, Coughs, Bouts, Sprains and Rheumatism, &c. the cure of which I have successfully used it, indeed to

cheerfully recommend its virtues to others.

A FEW MONTHS AGO I HAD RE COURSE TO IT TO DESTROY A FALCON; BUT HAVING SOON FOUND IT SOFTENED AND SOOTHED IT, SO THAT I COULD NOT GET RID OF IT.

A FALCON WHICH WAS SO SOFTENED AND SOOTHED IT, SO THAT I COULD NOT GET RID OF IT.

A FALCON WHICH WAS SO SOFTENED AND SOOTHED IT, SO THAT I COULD NOT GET RID OF IT.

A FALCON WHICH WAS SO SOFTENED AND SOOTHED IT, SO THAT I COULD NOT GET RID OF IT.

A FALCON WHICH WAS SO SOFTENED AND SOOTHED IT, SO THAT I COULD NOT GET RID OF IT.

A FALCON WHICH WAS SO SOFTENED AND SOOTHED IT, SO THAT I COULD NOT GET RID OF IT.

A FALCON WHICH WAS SO SOFTENED AND SOOTHED IT, SO THAT I COULD NOT GET RID OF IT.

A FALCON WHICH WAS SO SOFTENED AND SOOTHED IT, SO THAT I COULD NOT GET RID OF IT.

A FALCON WHICH WAS SO SOFTENED AND SOOTHED IT, SO THAT I COULD NOT GET RID OF IT.

A FALCON WHICH WAS SO SOFTENED AND SOOTHED IT, SO THAT I COULD NOT GET RID OF IT.

A FALCON WHICH WAS SO SOFTENED AND SOOTHED IT, SO THAT I COULD NOT GET RID OF IT.

A FALCON WHICH WAS SO SOFTENED AND SOOTHED IT, SO THAT I COULD NOT GET RID OF IT.

A FALCON WHICH WAS SO SOFTENED AND SOOTHED IT, SO THAT I COULD NOT GET RID OF IT.

A FALCON WHICH WAS SO SOFTENED AND SOOTHED IT, SO THAT I COULD NOT GET RID OF IT.

A FALCON WHICH WAS SO SOFTENED AND SOOTHED IT, SO THAT I COULD NOT GET RID OF IT.

A FALCON WHICH WAS SO SOFTENED AND SOOTHED IT, SO THAT I COULD NOT GET RID OF IT.

<div data-bbox="339 421 4

## wit and humor.

CAGE BIRDS:  
WITH DIRECTIONS FOR KEEPING THEM  
IN PERFECT HEALTH.

**ORIGINAL IDENTITY.**  
Professor G., of one of our flourishing New England colleges; was an old man, but undeniably had a hobby, which he well in store and out of season, much to the annoyance of the students. He was an uncompromising fine-souled metaphysical theory, to the effect, that the original identity of a substance is never lost by any transmutation or change which may take place in respect to the substance itself.

One evening, after the worthy Professor had expatiated at some length on his favorite topic, an irreverent student came forward to propose a question, when the following dialogue ensued:

"Prof.—You see this knife which I hold in my hand?"

"Prof.—Certainly."

"Student.—If I should lose the blade, and have a new one put in its place, would it be the same knife afterwards?"

"Prof.—Most assuredly."

"Student.—Then, if I should subsequently lose the handle, and get it replaced, would it still be the same knife?"

"Prof.—Certainly."

"Student.—Then, if some one should find the original blade and handle, and put them together, what knife would that be?"

The answer of the Professor is not reported.

## A SUSPICIOUS WOMAN.

One afternoon last week, when the wind was playing sad pranks with signs, awnings and curtains, a gentleman, in a genteel habit, was struggling to wrench his house, at the south part of the city, aided by his wife. Just as they reached the corner of Tremont and some other street, a large umbrella, weighing nearly a hundred pounds, was torn from the roof of a house by the power of the wind, and dashed to the sidewalk, just in front of the feeble gentleman and his wife.

"Good heavens!" the man exclaimed, "that was a narrow escape for us."

"If it had hit us, it would have killed us," she replied.

The two stopped for a moment to examine the scuttle—more dangerous during high winds than bombshells; but just as they were scrutinizing it a window near them was opened, a female's head was thrust out, and in shrill tones she shouted:

"You needn't think you're going to carry that off, 'cause it belongs to me!"

The gentleman, who was not able to shoulder a fifty pound weight, left the scuttle of house as fast as the sole would permit him to travel.—*American Union.*

**PATRICK HENRY INTERROGATED.**—An gentleman to the subject of dues, we recently learned from the late Chief Justice Marshall, that Governor Giles, of Virginia, over addressed a note of this tenor to Patrick Henry:

"Sir—I understand that you have called me a 'hot-tail' politician. I wish to know if it be true; and if true, your meaning."

"Wm. B. Giles."

To which Mr. Henry replies in this wise: "Sir—I do not recollect having called you a 'hot-tail' politician at any time, but think it probable I have. Not recollecting the time or occasion, I can't say what I did mean; but if you will tell me what you think I meant, I will say who he you are honest or not. Very respectfully,

"PATRICK HENRY."

**REAL GENTLEMEN.**—"Well, Mr. Flunkie," said a lawyer to a waiter who was under examination, "on my say the defendant is no gentleman. What make you think so?" "Cause, sir, he always says 'Thank you,' when I hand him a newspaper, or even a piece of bread. Now a real gentleman never does this, but batters out, 'H-h-h-h, get me a newspaper, or I'll throw this paper-box at your head.' Y-a-a-a! doesn't deceive you, a gentleman, your worship. 'Cause why? I have associated with too many at the same course."

**UNREQUITED OR COMPLIMENT.**—It is said of a Parisian portrait painter, that having recently painted the portrait of a lady, who had just dropped in to see what was going on in the studio, exclaiming—"It is very nicely painted; but why did you take such an ugly model?" "It is my mother," calmly replied the artist. "Oh! pardon, a thousand times," said the artist, in the greatest confusion. "You are right. I ought to have perceived it. See now how you very much."

"**ANSWER TO COMPLIMENT.**—It is said to have been received by an unknown man, an officer of widowers—"Sunday will be dead, and wants to be buried in heaven." At dinner table, U. S. General McClellan said to the Host—"In the said of my last dinner—Let it be done."

"**ANSWER TO COMPLIMENT.**—It is said to have been received by an unknown man, an officer of widowers—"Sunday will be dead, and wants to be buried in heaven." At dinner table, U. S. General McClellan said to the Host—"

## NEW FASHION FOR GENTLEMEN.



## NEW FASHION FOR GENTLEMEN.

Mr. Jones D'Occourcy, outraged that the ladies should have all the changes in the fashions, has selected Mrs. Coddington's party to display his idea of what a gentleman's party-dress should be.

little bread soaked in milk; no green food if the latter be given.

There are certainly some birds which will not eat rice, flax, or soaked bread; with these kinds of seed, instead of being mixed, should be given some one day, and others the next; but there is nothing so good as a daily change of food, and it is a mistake to fancy that biscuit, rice, or soaked bread would be unwholesome. I have never found it so, and always made a rule of giving it if the bird will eat it, which is not always the case. Of course the above rules for feeding are not supposed to be regularly attended to; I only give them as a suggestion of the different kinds of food which may be given. At nesting time a little poppy-seed should be put into the cage in addition to the general food; but about nesting I shall enter into particulars when I speak of the different kinds of birds. It is advisable for people living in the country to hang their bird-cages upon different trees every day, that eyes out of the house they may have change of scene. If these directions be carried out, birds in London will be much more healthy, and have a smoother and brighter plumage; for let us apply the question to any animal, or even to ourselves; would any one enjoy perfect health if kept always in the same place, and fed upon the same food? Woe, then, would a bird—a creature so entirely formed for activity and perpetual change? They may, and do live, but cannot be well or happy, and a little extra care will save many a life of valuable birds and favorite pets.

C. BALFOUR.

## OFFERS.

It seems a simple thing to make an offer of marriage, and yet most wavers find it very embarrassing. The "will you have me," like Macbeth's "Amen," is apt to stick in the throat, and sometimes a love-struck cavalier makes a good many offers at an offer before he gets it out. The best way of doing the thing, perhaps, is to make short work of it.

"When 'tis done, then 'twere well  
It were done quickly."

Some writers on the subject recommend that the offer direct shall never be attempted when there is any possibility of proposing by implication. Of course this plan is suggested for the purpose of saving harmless self-love of the proposer, in case the lady should be negatively inclined. It must certainly be unpleasant to be refused; but for all that we think the frank, straightforward way of putting the vital question is the best and easiest. For those who think otherwise, "we are too timid to speak out, there are, however, many strategic modes of getting it; at a 1-d's statement without saying it a plain English, 'will you be my wife?'" As thus, for example: An enamored youth and the maiden he desires, &c., &c., are a' one. She drops her glove. He picks it up, and asks the privilege of returning it. He decides to grant it the game is up; cause, of course, if she will not give him his wife?

As thus, for example: An enamored youth and the maiden he desires, &c., &c., are a' one. She drops her glove. He picks it up, and asks the privilege of returning it. He decides to grant it the game is up; cause, of course, if she will not give him his wife?

## WALKS AND PATHS.

How many people, living both in city and country, keep birds of all kinds, in small cages, feeding them for ever upon the same kind of food, varied occasionally, perhaps, with a bunch of grass, giving them fresh water every day, and a newly-sanded floor once or twice a week; this they fancy is all the attention a bird needs, and yet they wonder when, after a few months, perhaps a year, the bird either dies or grows fat, uniminated, ceases to sing, and is no longer a pleasure to its owner. People are to aattribute this to the effects of city air and smoke, nor do I deny that this has much to do with town birds being less healthy than country ones, nevertheless its ill effects may be in a great measure guarded against; and having for many years paid particular attention to the best mode of tending cage-birds, I now offer a few suggestions to any reader who may need them.

In the first place, let it be remembered that to keep a bird in one cage hung in the same place day after day, and week after week, is the greatest possible injury to its health. Birds, as much as ourselves, require change of room and place. How can they hop continually from perch to perch, never once using their wings, and thus taking a proper and natural kind of exercise, without becoming weak and diseased? How to remedy these evils it is advisable to let the birds fly in some room where they will do no harm, for at least half an hour every day. At first there may be a little trouble in catching them; but in a very short time, if the cage with the open door be held before them every day, the birds will hop into it quite readily; also they should never be hung for more than a few days in the same place; the scene should be changed, even though they are moved into a darker or less cheerful place. Fresh air, too, is necessary whenever it is possible to give it, for if it is necessary to us, surely it must be equally so to them, who are formed to live for ever in the air. There is another no less important point—that being, to keep their cage as clean as possible, not merely by strewing fresh sand over the floor, but by thoroughly scrubbing the cage all over, regularly every week, for small atoms of dirt and impurities lie between the wires, which may be eaten by the bird for mere amusement; therefore, the whole cage should be plunged into a bucket of hot water, and thoroughly brushed. It may be fancied that this will spoil the cage, causing the wires to rust; but if they be carefully wiped inside and out, no harm will be found to ensue. A bath, too, should be given to the bird every day, and twice during the heat of summer. This may be done in a souper or dish, when they are taking their fly, or proper baths may be bought at any cage shop. Some birds, if they have not been accustomed to a bath, will never get into one; this is far from natural, and the result of habit, but water is such a necessary for their good health, that for some time the owner should take his bird out of the cage and put it into hard-basin, with about an inch in depth of cold water, cover them with a hand-towel, and splash the water over them. The first or second day they may stand quite still, looking very much frightened, but after that they will shake themselves as the drops fall upon them; at last, and indeed in a very short time, they will no longer need to be splashed, for they will wash themselves with great enjoyment.

And now we come to the question of their food, which is a very important one, it being the greatest possible mistake to give a bird day after day the usual mixture of canary, rape, and perhaps hemp. I am now speaking in a very general sense of such common birds as do eat those grains; in a future paper I hope to treat more especially of each individual kind of bird, of its proper food, treatment, and the easiest mode of taming or teaching it, but at the present time in speaking of food, I only allude to such birds as are given the above-named seeds which, as I have said, are never changed, and hence the cause of much bad health in cage-birds. Now let me persuade any reader of this paper to try the plan of breaking through the common rule of giving those seeds every day, and try the effect of following an entirely new plan, to explain which, let us go through one week and name the different kinds of food that may be given.

Monday.—Canary and rape with some kind of green food; if groundsel or chickweed cannot be got, let some hemp and rape-been be planted that they may have it.

Tuesday.—Indian millet-seed, with crumbs of biscuit and fruit, if in the summer; if winter, dried fruit.

Wednesday.—Flax-seed (if the bird will not eat it, if not repeat canary and rape in the morning, but remove it in the afternoon and name dried millet-seed).

Thursday.—Indian millet-seed and a bit of well-boiled rice, with some green for water-lettuce if possible.

Friday.—A very small quantity of green peas, some canary grain, and dried or

peas.

Saturday.—Seed of some kind,

with a

the surrounding verdure. Even sawdust may, on a pinch, be used for the same purpose. Green walks are an abomination, as they are only possible during a part of the day. The foundation of walks may be made with the bottom course or cover. The latter is preferable as it allows the water to pass off at both edges. The surface of the walk ought to be rounded, but not too convex. A centre elevation of one inch to every five feet of width is usually enough.—American Agriculturalist.

**IMPORTANT TO PEACH GROWERS.**—The author of "Ten acres Enough," who is an experienced horticulturist, gives what he has found to be a sure preventative of the borers in peach trees. He first experimented with ten old peach trees that were nearly destroyed by the borer. He bared the roots of the trees, and carefully removed all the worms he could find, then washed the roots with soap suds, and left them uncovered a week, to make sure work of any worms that might have escaped his notice. He then applied tar to the diseased parts and to the trunk of the tree two or three inches above ground. The trees recovered their original vigor and have been fruitful bearers ever since. Tar applied to young trees near the surface of the ground will effectively prevent the borers from molesting them. Coal tar answers the same purpose. Care must be taken not to cover more than a couple of inches above ground.

**GAS-TAR FOR POSTS.**—This application is far better than the old mode of charring, and is much more easily applied. Charring only affects the outside, admitting moisture into the interior and rotting it. The tar, if applied hot to well-seasoned posts, entirely excludes moisture. B. P. Wormley, of Michigan, states in *The Country Gentleman* that, seven years ago, he built a mile of board fence, placing the posts for one minute in a large kettle of hot gas-tar, so as to cost them six inches above the surface. They now appear to be as sound as when set. The posts of another fence, set about the same time, without tarring, are about half decayed.

**BETTER OF A PECULIAR FORM OF VANITY.**—Beware of a peculiar form of vanity which consists in making confidences of your private affairs to many people, and in blinding every acquaintance to solemn secrecy as to this or that matter relative to yourself or friends. Weak people often talk by such confidence to attract intimacy, but the confidé in seldom fail, on reflection, to attract it to mere vanity.

**A PUNCTUAL MAN.**—A punctual man is very rarely a poor man, and never a man of doubtful credit. His small accounts are frequently settled, and he never meets with difficulty in raising money to pay large demands. Small debts neglected ruin credit, and when a man has lost that, he will find himself at the bottom of a hill he cannot ascend.

**GIVING QUARTER.**—This phrase is said to have originated from an agreement between the Dutch and Spaniards, that the ransom of an officer or soldier should be a quarter of his pay. Hence, to beg quarter was to offer a quarter of their pay for their safety, and to refuse quarter was not to accept that compensation as a ransom.

**DESTINY.**—In vain we chisel as best we can, the mysterious block of which our life is made, the black vein of destiny continually reappears.

## Agricultural.

## WALKS AND PATHS.

**TO BAKE A SHAD.**—Empty and wash the fish with care, but do not open it more than is necessary, and keep on the head and fins. Then stuff it with forcemeat. Sew it up, or fasten it with fine skewers, and rub the fish over with the yolk of egg and a little of the stuffing. Put into the pan in which the fish is to be baked, a gill of wine, or the same quantity of water mixed with a tablespoonful of Cayenne vinegar, or common vinegar will do. Bake in a moderate oven one-and-a-half to two hours, according to its size.

**STOCK MEAT.**—Plan for using the stock meat after it has been used for soup:

My 1st is in lye, but not in soap.

My 2d is in quick, but not in soap.

My 3d is in wreath, but not in crown.

My 4th is in tumble, but not fall down.

My 5th is in torture, but not in pain.

My 6th is in honesty, but not in pain.

My 7th is in gout, but not in good.

My 8th is in acre, but not in road.

My 9th is in enemy, but not in foe.

My 10th is in trumpet, but not in bugle.

My 11th is in golden horn;

The horseman to his dashing steed.

With commanding tone may off he be.

When riding up from headlong speed.

To cry aloud my third.

Where mountain tops with gold abound;

Where golden rivers roll;

Far in the west where these are found.

Lies wrapt in wealth my whola.

Union Hill, Iowa. W. A. PERIN.

## The Riddler.

## ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 20 letters.

My 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, is what every one thinks

while the war lasts.

My 9, 8, 6, 14, 15, is invaluable to him.

My 10, 11, 12, 13, is a valuable acquisition.

present war.

My 11, 12, 13, 14, is part of the human frame.

My 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, is a celebrated physician.

My 1, 2, 7, 10, 11, 12, 13, is the name of a genus of plants.

My 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, is a useful animal.

My whole should be found on every room table.

SUBSCRIPTION.

## CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When